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SUSPIRIA OCEANI: ..

A MONODY

ON THE

DEATH

OF

RICHARD EARL HOWE, K. G.

Price 2s.



STUBBINS OCEANIC

W. K. KODY

1872

1872



STUBBINS OCEANIC

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SPERIA OLANI:
A
MONODY
ON THE DEATH OF
RICHARD EARL HOWE, K.G.
ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET,
And General of His Majesty's Marine Forces.

By
DR. TROTTER.

Utique placuerit Deo.

LONDON:

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1800.

MONODY
OF THE DEATH OF
RICHARD EARL HOWE, K.G.
ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

By General of the Most Noble House



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1800

TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
LOUISA
COUNTESS OF ALTAMONT,

The following
MONODY
IS DEDICATED, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT,

By

Her Ladyship's

Most obedient,

And devoted humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Cawsand Bay, Sept. 24, 1800.

B

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LOUISA

COUNTRESS OF ALABAMA

MONODY

IS DEDICATED, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT,

Her Ladyship

Her Ladyship

Her Ladyship

THE AUTHOR

Copyright 1854

B

' SUSPIRIA OCEANI:

A MONODY,

&c.

LLOUD is the plaint when worth must yield to Fate,
And the last honors on the patriot wait ;
When weeping crowds bedew the face of day,
And Woe's black ensigns darken all the way ;
For those whose genius born to bless mankind,*
Its virtues cherish'd, or its vice confin'd :
To Truth's clear path the truant mind reclaim'd ;
By laws divine the human savage tam'd :
For freedom only bade Britannia arm,
And gave the peaceful arts an endless charm.
Then o'er the tomb where their cold ashes sleep,
The laurels tremble, and the marbles weep ;
That point the great and good to deathless fame,
And rouse in manly breasts the heav'nly flame.

* Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo, &c.

VIRGIL.

These to her Howe a grateful country owes,
 Her bosom throbbing while her hand bestows ;
 Nor to the fragile stone, or mould'ring bust,
 Her pious cares consign the sacred trust :
 Beyond the pencil's pow'r, the sculptor's art,*
 Its nobler tablet is the Briton's heart.

That morn, what sorrows gloom'd o'er Albion's shore,
 When burst the sigh----My Howe is now no more !
 When hov'ring Angels, round the death-bed spread,
 Hymn'd the last requiem to the fainted Dead ;
 From kindred spirits heav'nly accents stole,
 And bore to blifs divine the hero's soul ;
 Clos'd the bright series of each glorious toil,
 And bade his virtues guard Britannia's isle.

But, see, where drooping by the lonely strand,
 No common woe arrests yon gallant band ;
 By hardships worn, and rough with many a scar,
 Their tears find furrows from the wounds of war ;
 All beat by wint'ry wind, or solar ray,
 Behold their scanty locks with service grey :

* The Vote of the House of Commons for erecting a Monument to Earl Howe in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Hearts that have brav'd the battle's rage unmov'd,
 To sorrow soften'd----for the Chief they lov'd.
 In vain the rending sigh bestows relief,
 Or bounds the measure of heroic grief :
 With pensive steps as o'er his grave they bend,
 Still mem'ry points----the leader, guardian, friend.
 If England's glory plans some bold design,
 They see his presence animate the line ;
 No certain danger can their breasts control,
 Each gen'rous Tar feels all his leader's soul.
 Soon as the daring signal waves on high
 The foe invokes the wind, and hastes to fly,
 To seek for safety by a timely flight,
 Nor try with Britain's sons th' unequal fight.
 If midnight tempests o'er the ocean sweep,
 Pile wave on wave, and raise the yawning deep,
 His mind serene assumes the pilot's art,
 Saves from the storm, and cheers the drooping heart.
 Should toil or famine on the sailor wait,
 He shares his wants, and mitigates his fate.
 And when Disease pours forth his blasts of death,
 And fainting squadrons sicken at the breath,
 The hero's bosom swells with tides of grief,
 Prepares the balm, and gives the pang relief.

Oh ! you, companions of his mighty deeds,*
 While for her Howe a nation's mem'ry bleeds ;
 While midst applauding Senates starts the sigh,
 And streams of sorrow dim the patriot eye ;
 How did the love of glory pant so strong,
 How rous'd your bosoms for your country's wrong ;
 When, urg'd by faithless councils, Gallia's host
 Show'd her false lilies on Columbia's coast ;
 When, undismay'd by numbers to your view,
 Fair England's naval fame was sav'd in you !
 How did the hostile streamers glad your fight,
 When, by his valour led, you sued for fight ;
 By Fate alone from half-earn'd laurels driv'n,
 And only yielded to the storms of Heav'n.

Or when Iberia's standards leagu'd with France,
 C^d vict'ry sure, the household fleets advance ;
 O'er seas yet crimson'd with their kindred blood,†
 Breathing revenge, the haughty Bourbon stood :

* Alluding to the preparations made by Lord Howe when Count D'Estaing appeared on the coast of America in 1779. The British squadron consisted of two or three sail of the line, and a few 50 gun ships ; while that of the French was composed of 13 sail of the line, of 74 and 80 guns. The intentions of the French Admiral were completely foiled ; and the squadrons when about to engage were separated by a gale of wind.

† The defeat of Langara, off Cape St. Vincent, by Sir George, afterwards Lord, Rodney.

With envy look'd where Calpe's height commands
 Submissive homage from Hesperian lands ;
 And long'd, by fraud or famine, to obtain
 What all their vauntful threats essay'd in vain.
 The starving Briton felt his honor dear,
 Spurn'd the weak bribe, and hop'd for succour near :
 When, ere the western sun had dipp'd the tide,
 From the lone rock Britannia's fleet was spied.
 Relief !----Relief !----transported hearts employ ;
 And famish'd warriors bound with sudden joy.*

Where, now, alas ! th' infuriate Bourbon's boast !---
 Her proud Armada seeks a pitying coast :
 The shelt'ring port receives the coward race
 That stamp their nation's deeds with foul disgrace.
 To cloister'd monks their suppliant hands extend,
 Or else to saints in bronze their knees they bend ;
 Where bigot priesthood, arm'd with scourge and rod,
 Belies the vengeance of the Living God.

Glad Europe's shores the joyful tidings found,
 And Bourbon rankles with th' eternal wound.
 To Albion's cliffs they speed on welcome gales,
 And Calpe's Mount his great deliv'rer hails.

* The relief of Gibraltar by Lord Howe in 1782, in the face of the combined fleet.

There Curtis felt the sympathetic flame ;
 From bright example shap'd the course of Fame ;
 When o'er his cheeks the show'rs of pity ran,
 Till all the hero soften'd in the man ;
 Now led thro' smoke and fire the dauntless brave,
 Now snatch'd the sinking Spaniard from the wave.*

On that fam'd spot, led by the Queen of Isles,
 Immortal Elliot plann'd his matchless toils :
 When like some frowning Demigod he stood,
 And pour'd his thunders o'er the trembling flood ;
 Saw at his nod Fate gloom on all around,
 And what the battle fav'd the ocean drown'd.

At length, when savage war and tumult cease,
 And Europe fosters on the lap of Peace,
 Reviving Commerce lifts aloft her sails,
 Quits the sure port, and trusts to fav'ring gales :

* Vide General Elliot's official letter on the destruction of the Spanish Floating Batteries, in Drinkwater's History of Gibraltar. Sir R. Curtis then commanded the brigade of Seamen ; was first Captain to Earl Howe on the First of June, 1794 ; or, to speak more correctly, Captain of the Fleet, the Union being Earl Howe's flag.

Safe thro' the tide the lab'ring cargoes sweep,
 No cannon's roar disturbs the tranquil deep :
 The naval warrior shares his lov'd repose,
 Nor dreams of restless seas, and England's foes.
 The busied City, and the cultur'd Farm,
 Convey to diff'rent minds the varied charm :
 Gay smile the sister Arts in jocund reign ;
 Joy trips before, and Pleasure swells the train.
 Wide the diffusive blessing darts its rays,
 And Nature hails anew her golden days.

Above the rest fair Poesy was seen,
 Known by her native ease, and placid mien :
 Sweet were the notes she tun'd to mirth and glee,
 And dear her haunts beneath some hallow'd tree :
 And oft, as Court or City wooed the Maid,
 Her bashful charms retrac'd the sylvan shade :
 Of harmony on earth, and peace, she sung ;
 Hope never lost, and Love for ever young.

Oh ! had those halcyon days from year to year,
 In long succession, press'd their bright career ;
 Nor left to damned deeds a ruthless age,
 To fiends and furies worse than Vandal's rage.
 From France, the nurse of manners, and of crimes,
 The Hydra sprung, the Genius of the times :

Alike the tyrant and the slave of Pow'r,
 On carnage bent, to plunder and devour :
 See wearied Life with blood and torture vex'd,
 And, oh ! tremendous horror ! doubt the next ;
 Hence laws defied that save from moral stains,
 And present guilt that fears no future pains ;
 Hence polish'd Order to confusion ran,
 All that degrades the savage from the man :
 The sacred fane no more shall incense raise,
 Or Hallelujahs to Jehovah's praise ;
 The throne, the altar, to destruction hurl'd,
 And worse than second chaos threatens the world.

While trembling at their fate the Nations stood,
 And seem'd to totter o'er a gulph of blood ;
 Not aw'd by tumult, or debas'd by crimes,
 And faction brooding midst polluted times ;
 By seas encircled, Britain, free from harm,
 Reclines with safety on her naval arm :
 Fair Liberty's retreat from impious Lands,
 Her fix'd Palladium, here her altar stands ;
 No tyrant's will controls a Nation's voice,
 The throne exalted on the people's choice.

Soon as fierce Winter checks his boist'rous reign,
 And quits the howling shore and ruffled main,

Impell'd by Summer seas and vernal gales,
 Britannia's squadrons spread their swelling sails :
 Her fav'rite Hero bears her dread commands,
 To aid the weak, and punish guilty Lands ;
 The Nations, wishful, view her flag unfurl'd,
 And Hope once more gleams o'er the wat'ry world.

Behold, oh ! Gallia, as thy wrath succeeds,
 The great revenger of thy murd'rous deeds :
 High Heaven approves, at length, and gives the nod ;
 He comes to conquer in the name of God.*

* Every anecdote which relates to the glorious First of June is worthy of record. In the morning the signal was made, that there was time sufficient for breakfast ; which also allowed the sternmost ships to get into their stations. When Sir Roger Curtis informed the Admiral that the line was complete, he replied, with great emphasis——“ *Then up with the helm, in the name of God !*” And, impressed with the solemnity of the sentiment, for no man could better feel its value than the noble Admiral, he pierced the French line, so close to the stern of the Montagne, that Captain Bowen thought the fly of the Republican ensign grazed the fore-rigging of the Queen Charlotte. No language can describe the magnificent appearance of the Queen Charlotte, at that time, as seen from the windward. Being right before the wind, her stern was distinctly perceived, while she fired from both sides, till she hauled up under the lee-quarter of the Montagne. On mentioning this circumstance, next day, to his Lordship, he was pleased to observe, that he——“ expected to take the French Admiral by *surprise*, and thought he had in a great measure succeeded ;” for the lee-guns of La Montagne were not cleared for action. His Lordship, on the evening before, had informed his gallant crew how he intended to engage, should the wind continue as it then was ; so that, as soon as the star-board guns ceased to bear on the ship next astern of the French Admiral, in an instant the whole of the seamen were at their weather-guns. Every gun was double-shotted during this conflict,

Bright from the main the orient Morning spread,
 That ne'er must set on many a warrior's head :
 Soft in the bellying fails the breezes sleep,
 And scarce a fleecy wave deforms the deep ;
 A flag* unknown to Neptune's wide domain
 Shed its faint streamers o'er the azure plain ;
 There tower'd those banners, dy'd in civic blood,
 And claim'd the Trident of the humbled Flood.
 Meanwhile, revolving in his manly soul
 Fate's stern decrees, that human might control,
 Britannia's Hero bade the signal fly,
 And the loud cannon shakes the vaulted sky :
 Quick thro' the trembling host he darts his course,
 And swift as lightning deals the thunder's force.
 Huge piles of smoke in curling volumes rise,
 Obscure the seas, and darken all the skies ;
 Save where the flash illumines the sev'ring cloud,
 Gleams round the mast, or quivers thro' the shroud.
 Wide o'er th' embattled Line the fight extends,
 The ocean bellows, and the welkin rends ;

which explains the dreadful carnage of Frenchmen, 700 being killed and wounded in La Montagne, according to their own account!!! The loss of the Charlotte's topmasts prevented the capture of Admiral Villaret Joyeuse.

* The tri-coloured flag ; originally intended for the Nation, the Law, and the King of the constituting Assembly.

Till, far and near, the echoing concave bounds,
 With hoarser clangors and remoter sounds.
 Now thro' the smoke some stately vessel rears,
 Now half-disclos'd her painted form appears ;
 There crash the stayless masts, and strew the deck,
 And leave the shatter'd hull a helpless wreck.
 Where'er his foes with fiercer ardour wage,
 Or where the battle frowns with warmer rage,
 The vet'ran Chieftain bids his vengeance spread,
 And heaven-deputed Genii guard his head ;
 His fiery track is mark'd by crimson waves,
 And shroudless Frenchmen doom'd to wat'ry graves :
 Till Horror, fated with the waste of blood,
 Appeas'd the battle's rage, and smoooth'd the flood.

So when some brooding tempest raves for birth,
 And deep convulsions shake the lab'ring earth,
 Thick black'ning clouds, portentous of the storm,
 Obscure the Sun, and Nature's face deform ;
 Swift thro' the gloom the livid lightnings glare,
 And peals of thunder rend the yielding air :
 Loud whirlwinds rise, and sweep the tott'ring tow'rs ;
 A sudden deluge o'er the landscape pours ;
 Down the rough steep the headlong torrents dash ;
 Torn from their roots the leafless forests crash ;

Th' abodes of man and beast by storm defac'd,
Till half Creation seems a dreary waste.

Thus Gallia's Navy strew'd the liquid plain,
And Britain triumph'd o'er the subject main.*

* The merits of this victory will always be appreciated from the obstinate resistance of the enemy. The Fleets may be said to have been equal in force, as near as the number of ships in each can be reckoned: the French had most ships of the line; but the English had more three-deckers. But, on the evening of the 29th of May, three sail, disabled, left the enemy's fleet; and, by great good luck, they were joined, before the action of the First of June, by three others.

The French fleet was commanded by officers, who, in the language of Jacobinism, were said to be of "*tried civism*;" the seamen were a chosen body, and all enthusiasts in the new order of things. A Commissioner of the Convention was, moreover, embarked on board the *Montagne*; partly with a view to harangue the seamen, as had been so successfully done in the army; and also to watch the conduct of the Admiral. The French certainly exceeded their usual naval bravery; but British valour never appeared greater. In a general action there never was so much done in so short a space; for two English and seven French ships were totally dismasted in four hours. Some of the French ships are reported to have had furnaces on board for heating shot; but they were, probably, never lighted. The French Captains, on leaving Brest, are said to have taken an oath never to strike their colours; but their consciences were left pretty easy on that score, for the English shot saved them the trouble.

The following Note is taken from the second Volume of the Author's Work on the Diseases of the Fleet.—“As we may not again have occasion to mention the Victory of the First of June, we must beg leave to contradict the statement of some occurrences on that day, relative to the sinking of the *Vengeur*. It was said that the Frenchmen who went down in that ship, as long as their heads were above water, continued to cry aloud—‘*Vive la Republique!*’—and with this expression in their mouths sunk to the bottom. Somehow or other this account got into the English Papers, and soon reached France. But the whole is a falsehood; and I have it from the authority of the British Officers who attended to save the people, and saw the

Nor yet exulting for herself alone,
 For the bright meed by English valour won :
 To Europe's groans her godlike pity bends ;
 To States opprefs'd her guardian arm extends :
 And while her trident awes the circling sea,
 She shows the Nations how they might be free.

Such were the deeds that shall embalm thy Name,
 And bear to latest times thy spotless fame :
 While Liberty for Britain has a charm,
 While free-born rights shall call her sons to arm,
 Her rising warriors here shall often turn,
 And feel their breasts with nobler ardour burn :
 The hardy vet'ran, as he melts in sighs,
 Shall point the naval Chief to youthful eyes :——
 “ If matchless worth, that never courted fame ;
 “ If Truth and Faith were ever mortal aim ;
 “ A heart prepar'd to fear no earthly foe,
 “ Yet mov'd to pity at the tale of woe ;
 “ Unfullied honor ; faultless, tho' severe ;
 “ That knew no fashion but to be sincere ;

dismal catastrophe. The scene presented a very different spectacle : all was horror and dismay ; and no such words were ever uttered. Barrere, in the Convention, made a fine text of the report, in expatiating on the *Naval Victory* of his redoubtable friend Jean Bon St. Andre. Votive tablets were immediately decreed to the *manes* of the sufferers ; and a three-decker ordered to be built, and called *Le Vengeur*.” [Vide *Med. Nautica*, v. II. p. 19. Longman and Rees.]

" Rich from desert, victorious by his sword ;
 " Tho' bred in Courts, yet never broke his word :
 " Firm to his purpose, 'bove all factious zeal ;
 " Friend to no party but the public weal :
 " While changling patriots sway'd as interests move,
 " His wish was England, and his Sov'reign's love !"
 Such were thy virtues ; thus thy honors shone ;
 And long shall grace thy monumental stone.
 Hail ! Life well spent ! May Britain's joys increase !
 Thy parting labours gave her hope and peace !*

Accept, blest Shade ! while yet our tears complain,
 This last sad tribute, but no venal strain :
 Dear are the drops which Mem'ry loves to shed,
 Where friendly visions paint the hallow'd Dead.
 How finely knit the kindred passions rise,
 Buoy up the soul, and bind us to the skies :
 How fondly Fancy ponders all the past,
 Reviews each scene, and lingers o'er the last ;
 Till struggling Sense the pictur'd griefs impart,
 And soft Remembrance pours forth all the heart.
 To yonder grave she moves with wistful eyes,
 And marks the turf where gallant Douglas lies :

* The last public duty of this illustrious Officer was, to bear his Majesty's Commission to settle the disorders of the Fleet lying at St. Helens, in May 1797.

Earl Howe died on the 5th of August, 1799 ; full of days, riches, and honour ; the idol of British seamen, and boast of the nautical profession.

Oh ! taught by thee to earn the hero's name ;
 Like thine his lot, to swell the lifts of Fame :
 Just seen, his rising star disclos'd its ray,
 Blaz'd in its orb, then sped to heav'nly day.
 No more fresh glories check a country's sighs,
 His ripen'd virtues early fought the skies :*
 So the kind Genius of imperial Rome,
 For songs of Triumph strew'd Marcellus' tomb.†
 Or, haply bending to the western wave,
 She claims each warrior from his wat'ry grave ;
 Where sea-born tribes their lov'd remains bedew,
 And watch thy tomb, lamented Montague.‡
 Or else where Fame, on sounding pinions borne,
 Wakes with her shouts the radiant blush of Morn :

* Sir Andrew Douglas, Captain of the Queen Charlotte, on the First of June, 1794 ; and fought that ship in the action off Groa, on the 23d of June, 1795, when much of the honor of the day fell to his share. He died in 1797, in the prime of life.

† ————— manibus date lilia plenis :
 Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis :
 His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
 Munere. —————

ÆNEID.

‡ Captain James Montague, of his Majesty's ship Montague ; killed on the First of June, 1794.

Bids round each brow the victor's garland twine,
And weaves fresh wreaths at Hut's* and Harvey's† shrine.

If yet while Order has on earth a foe,
And States shall rise or fall by moral woe ;
If yet thy fainted form protects our sphere,
Oh ! hear a Nation's groans----a Nation's pray'r :
Save from domestic feuds----domestic strife ;
And guard----oh ! guard thy darling Monarch's Life !
In council cautious, but in action strong,
Justice her sword, whene'er she suffers wrong :
Should foreign foes assail her sea-girt shore,
Oh ! watch those Rights thy valour sav'd before.
And thou, sweet Liberty, with blisful smile,
Still deeper root thy virtues in our Isle ;
Still may thy blossoms glow in lasting youth----
The Plant, the Planter, all of British growth !
Bid Faction, Discord, and Contention cease,
And bind the peopled earth in endless peace !

Thus the young trav'ler, when he leaves his home
For distant shores and dangers yet to come,

* Captain John Hut, of the Queen, the flag ship of Sir A. Gardner : died of the wounds he received on the 29th of May, 1794.

† Captain John Harvey, of the Brunswick : died of the wounds he received on the First of June, 1794, while engaging the Vengeur, which ship sunk after the action.

Receives from parent lips a blessing first,
Some kind advice to guard him from the worst :
Onward he wanders, carols as he goes,
The faint-like counsel cancels all his woes ;
What tho' his footsteps thro' the desert run,
He knows what paths to tread, what brakes to shun,
And happy ends his journey as it was begun.

FINIS.

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